

A VEXED QUESTION.

["Who is the author of the war?"—*Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.*]

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n sings:—

It's you, C.-B., that are all to blame
For bringing this war about us;
I toiled day and night to avert the same,
But vain were my labours, for lo! you came
With a warlike speech and you would in-
flame

The Boers to scorn and flout us.
'Twas you that brought the war about,
Despite my best endeavour.
Of that there is no possible doubt—
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
No shadow of doubt whatever.

Sir H. C-mpb-ll-B-nn-rm-n sings:—

You are yourself the cause of it all,
As I will proceed to show, Sir;
Those nasty remarks that you once let fall
Of sands running low and a sponge
squeezed small,
'Twas these that nettled the worthy PAUL,
As very well you know, Sir.
You thought to worry with gibe and flout
The dear good man forever.
Of that there is no possible doubt—
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
No shadow of doubt whatever.

Together.

Though sometimes we may differ, I fear,
On this we may both agree, Sir;
The blame must lie, so it would appear,
On one of us two who are standing here,
But which of the two is not quite clear—
It's either you or me, Sir.
Search in and out and round about,
And you'll discover never
A fact so free from every doubt—
All probable, possible shadow of doubt—
All possible doubt whatever!

HEADINGS FOR THE NATIONAL COPY BOOKS.

(For the use of the Board Schools and other places of education.)

A REVERSE is unfortunate, but easily remedied.

If one general is checked another advances.

The conduct of officers and men is always magnificent.

The surrender of a battalion is embarrassing to the captors.

Waterloo and Inkermann are not in it with South Africa.

The Union Jack has maintained its prestige.

Britannia rules the waves, and her sons never will be slaves.

Cheers for everything, and banners for everyone.

The British Empire need be under no apprehension.

The Army—bless them!—are quite safe, and will die rather than surrender.

Hurray! Hurray!! Hurray!!! 1900.

LA COQUETTE MALGRÉ LUI.

It does not make me deeply care,
Yet fills me with amused vexation,
That I should be obliged to bear
So ill-deserved a reputation.
Persons like Mrs. JONES and BROWN
With busy tongues themselves exert
To make Society set me down
A flirt!

One knows how some old women talk,
In country places they are frightful;
Apparently their pleasing "walk
Of life" is simply—to be spiteful!
At any rival to their own
Sweet daughters they must fling some
dirt,
Hoping that men will leave alone*
A flirt.



Ah, well! It does not matter much
Whom Mrs. X. decries or flatters,
Men please themselves entirely—such
Is my belief—in these small matters.
And men choose their affinities,
Though spiteful dowagers assert,
Or hint, or whisper that "she" is
A flirt.

It's hard, though, when one's every word,
And look, and act is deftly twisted
By "friends," whom one would have pre-
ferred
To see as enemies enlisted.
They feign to praise "Miss So-and-So"
(As pills with sugar must be girt),
"Most sweet and charming—but, you
know,
A flirt!"

And why on earth? Because, in truth,
Men find me not entirely stupid,
Nor altogether plain, forsooth,
I'm always hatching plots with Cupid!

Say MARY flirted with her lamb!

As reasonably you might pervert
That simple tale, as say I am
A flirt.

Merely to look at any man,
When I'm at dinners, picnics, dances,
Is quite enough the fire to fan
Of whispers, nods, and smiles and
glances.

No longer now I care a jot,
Since those who know my poor desert
Know that, whatever else, I'm NOT
A flirt.

Let people freely gossip then!
They will not make me, they'll discover,
Less worthy in the eyes of men,
My present friends—my future lover.
Dear Mrs. JONES, dear Mrs. BROWN,
Know this—you cannot do me hurt,
When you are pleased to set me down
A flirt!

CHINA FOR THE CHINESE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As the late editor of a daily paper and the advocate of all distressed nationalities, Armenians, Greeks and dwellers in that blessed region Mesopotamia, I am about to call a meeting to protest against any aggression on the part of the Powers in China. Mr. C-RTN-Y will probably be there, and Dr. CL-RK, and all the other Pro-Boxers, and resolutions will be submitted sympathising with the Chinese in their struggle for freedom from Western innovations, and their picturesque and forcible method of expressing their dislike for foreigners. We shall call upon the English people to dissent strongly from the attitude taken up by the European governments, towards this simple and athletic people. We shall point out that the present disturbances are entirely due to the presence of Outlanders in Tien-tsin, Peking, and other large cities, who have come to China merely to make money, and now claim a position of security in that country to which they are not entitled. We shall show that the movement now in progress to suppress the "Boxers" is due entirely to the influence of Capitalists, and is not unconnected with mining concessions. We shall prove that behind the loudly-expressed determination to protect the lives of these Outlanders, we can discern the sinister figure of Mr. RH-D-S. Pro-Boxer meetings will subsequently be organised in all the large Provincial towns, and every effort will of course be made to hamper the government. Admission will in the first instance be by ticket, but should no disturbances, fomented by Imperialists and Jingos, take place, it will afterwards be unrestricted.

I need not add that the Women's Liberal Federation, always ready to follow where I lead, will hold a Pro-Boxer meeting in the near future.

Yours faithfully, H. W. M-SS-NGH-M.



"WELL, GOODBYE, MR. GREEN. IT WAS SO NICE OF YOU TO COME. IT DOES FATHER SUCH A LOT OF GOOD TO HAVE SOMEONE TO TALK TO."

"I WAS DELIGHTED TO COME, MISS BROWN, BUT I'M AFRAID I'M NOT MUCH OF A CONVERSATIONALIST."

"MY DEAR MR. GREEN, DON'T LET THAT TROUBLE YOU. FATHER'S IDEAL LISTENER IS AN ABSOLUTE IDIOT, WITH NO CONVERSATION WHATEVER, AND I KNOW HE HAS ENJOYED HIMSELF TREMENDOUSLY TO-NIGHT!"

"A REGULAR RIP!"

THAT'S what he is! begging Mr. BEER-BOHM TREE's pardon. That's what you are, Sir, just now, most undoubtedly, a regular irregular, in fact, a "thorough, Rip." Which is complimentary if you add to it "Van Winkle." Any audience is "bound to go on lovin' 'im," as Chevalier Coster might express the sentiment. He is a jolly dog with the sots; he'll do anything in a kindly way for anybody, but when suspicious he is "as sharp as they make 'em." He is tender-hearted and tipsily maudlin. The scenes between Rip and his little daughter Meenie and her juvenile lover Hendrick, both "small parts" admirably played by Miss GEORGIE FRYER and Master HAROLD DE BECKER, are delightfully fresh, and make many throats as dry as is Rip's and many eyes glisten with the "unbidden tear."

I will here note the artistic make-up of Mr. GERALD LAURENCE as the grown-up Hendrick, and of Miss LETTICE (such a

fresh Lettice!) FAIRFAX as Meenie, the grown-up young woman in the third act. Their faces are among the most striking features of the piece: you could almost swear that they are the boy and girl of Act I., only twenty years older.

Mr. FRANKLIN MCLEAY's mean money-lending Derrick is a repulsively clever performance; he shows his teeth, not metaphorically, but literally, too much. Any dentist in the audience must surely feel impelled to send his card round to the stage-door, making a professional appointment gratis. Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL as his son Seth, the gradually developing scoundrel, at first rather shy in initiating a roguery, is capital.

But is it possible, will it ever be possible, for handsome Miss LILY HANBURY to make any audience believe that her Gretchen Van Winkle can possibly be the shrew she tries to make her and that her husband Rip swears she is? No; you can't paint the LILY HANBURY so as make her a common, coarse, peasant virago;

she might be a Katherine to Mr. TREE's Petruchio, but a termagant scolding Vrow, ready with broomstick and backhanders, never! When she is gentle and loving, as she has to be so as not to put Rip entirely in the right, Miss HANBURY is perfect, and when she falls senseless in an agony of remorse at having driven her husband from his home, she is again admirable; but when she is fierce, frowning, scolding and violent on no provocation at all, one feels (that is I, for one, feel) that she is only puttendin', only play-actin'. Perhaps this may be right: perhaps, for the sake of exciting sympathy for Rip, one ought only to feel this; if so, with Miss HANBURY's Gretchen there is not a fault to be found.

The third scene of the second act shows Rip under the influence of very powerful spirits. Here, had the old legend been adhered to, the actor would have had some fine dramatic chances, for in the old story he commences nervously, then gains confidence, and seeing that they are all intent on their bowls, he stealthily fills his own cup from the keg so frequently that at last, being as bold as liquor can make him, he ventures an outspoken opinion on the game, when—bang—thunder—lighting—darkness, and Rip falls senseless, to wake up twenty years after in Scene First, Act III.

In the last scene of all that ends this Great Temperance drama, Mr. TREE is at his best, and Miss LILY HANBURY at hers. The music throughout, by Mr. RAYMOND ROZE, is effectively dramatic, and of the greatest assistance to the action. So to Rip & Co. generally I say, "Here's all your healths, and may you run long and prosper!"

A LESSON FROM THE FRONT.

WHEN a commander asks for a truce, apparently for no particular reason, consent at once and give him his own time.

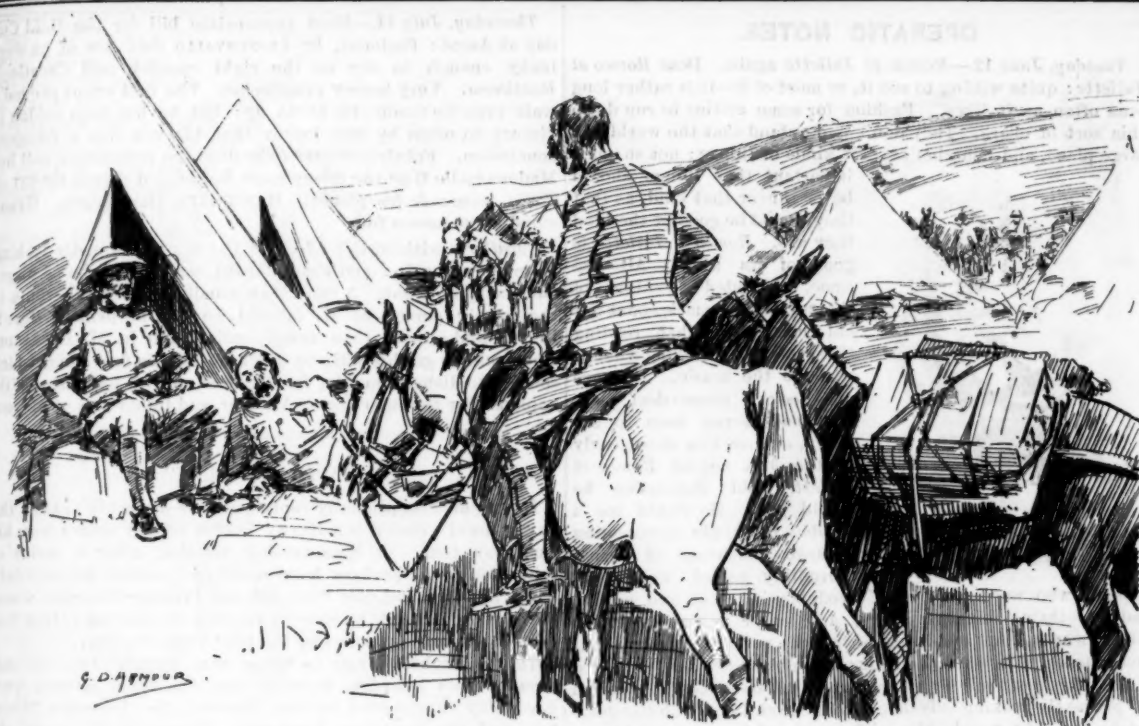
While the truce continues, have the delicacy not to enquire into the movement of your opponents.

Remember that firing on ambulances and quarters reserved for women and children may have been the outcome of a mistake.

Force upon the opposing general plenty of leisure for removing all his forces, including his heavy guns.

And then, when you find your bird flown, men, horses, and artillery disappeared, express intense surprise at the power of your opponent to come "to think of such a clever thing."

ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.—"Sold only in Packets." The meaning of the family motto of the LIPTONS—*Fecit per alium fecit per se*—is "He did the sea in an aluminium boat." The reference to the hull of the "Shamrock," the property of the present knight, is obvious.



AD VALOREM.

(Energetic Sub has been pursuing runaway Mule.)

"WELL DONE, OLD CHAP! YOU DESERVE THE D.S.O. AT LEAST. WHAT IS IT? AMMUNITION!"
 "AMMUNITION! D.S.O.!! V.C., YOU MEAN!!!! WHY, IT'S BOTTLED BEER!!!!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The *Minx* (HUTCHINSON) is, in the ordinary meaning of the word, not precisely descriptive of heroine of IOTA's last novel. But the creation is her own, and she has the right to name it as she pleases. Anyhow, *Joyce Anstiss* is a charming girl, and is surrounded by interesting people, amongst whom my Baronite specially ranks *Mrs. Hallows*. The story is excellent when at last "IOTA," warned by approaching end of space allotted to a six-shilling book, settles down to work it out. Her approach to the task is somewhat hampered by tendency to utter profound thoughts in smart sentences. The profundity sometimes lands the hapless reader in obscurity. That is a fault of mannerism, which "IOTA" may presently overcome. Happily, her gifts as a story-teller are great enough to withstand her frailties as a phrase-maker.

Miss ROSA CAREY has achieved a supreme success. In *Life's Trivial Round* trivialities must be expected. But as far as my Baronite with some pained experience remembers, never since book-making began was there ever anything so trivial as this. That one presumably not over eighty years of age or under nine could write it is a marvel. That publishers with such keen scent for good work as Messrs. HUTCHINSON could give it their imprimatur passeth understanding.

Mr. TOM GALLON must by this time be sick of the name of CHARLES DICKENS. For the conscientious reviewer taking up one of his works to keep the name of the dead Master out of his notice is an effort as hopeless as Mr. Dick writing his memorial, and trying to turn his head away from that of CHARLES THE FIRST. If Mr. GALLON had been born ninety years ago and got the start of DICKENS, his name would have obtained an enduring place in the annals of literature. As he will justly object, in such circumstances he would not have been alive to-day to give

us *Kiddy* (HUTCHINSON), which would have been a pity. It is a charming story, tenderly told, with a moving plot underlying it. There is a quietly made artistic touch in showing a money-lender, professionally ruthless with his customers, the placid slave of a wife and family, who when he comes to financial grief turn him out of doors. In *Mr. Elijah Foss's* mannerism of speech Mr. GALLON reproduces in tiresome development CHARLES DICKENS' worst mannerism, one that beset him when he grew old and weary. *Per contra*, *Kiddy* is much better than many of the Master's female characters whom my Baronite could name.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A NEW LITERARY DRINK.

ONE tumbler of BYRON's rhetorical splash,
 One dram of MACAULAY's hero'cal dash,
 A smack of old CAMPBELL (for flavouring this is);
 Mix all up together, and drink while it fizzes.
 Can you doubt what the beverage is that you're tipping?
 It's capital, first-rate, in fact, R-DY-RD K-PL-NG.

WHY NOT?—SANTLEY, our veteran and undefeated Baritone, is singing at this forthcoming Handel Festival. He has already sung at thirteen of 'em! Now as Sir ALEXANDER MCMUSIC and Sir HENRY DRAMA, respectively representative, have already been knighted, why should not Sir CHARLES SONG be added to the list? By all means, give Mr. SANTLEY a Handel to his name.

HORTICULTURAL NOTE (by our own Irrepressible One).—It is said that Indian corn is not suited to the English climate. This is refuted by the existence, for many years, of the flourishing Maze at Hampton Court.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday, June 12.—*Romeo et Juliette* again. Dear *Romeo et Juliette*: quite willing to see it, or most of it—it is rather long—as often as it likes. Fashion for some critics to run down this sort of opera. They don't understand that the world is a large place, and contains several kinds of things: not so much



important that things should be of this or that kind, as that they should be good of the kind they are. *Romeo et Juliette* is good of its kind. All the same, reminded to-night of THACKERAY's remark about our old comedies: that reading them was like watching a dance without the music. Suppose one took a stone-deaf man, who had never been to the opera, and sat him down early in the first act of *Romeo et Juliette*, odd impression he would get. He would see a number of people surrounding a large gentleman of almost incredibly genial and jovial aspect, who was apparently introducing an arch and smiling lady to them. *Exeunt omnes*, and enter several men in black masks, the eye-holes of which, revealing flesh colour underneath, give them a curious resemblance to the Pink-eyed Kaffir. Of them a mild-eyed, melancholy, lotus-eating gentleman is presently making advances to the arch lady, who has come back, and who repels him with an air of having seen far too much of the world to commit herself with a stranger. *Excursions and alarms*: lotus-eater resumes the Pink-eyed Kaffir. Stone-deaf man would observe that everybody was trying desperately hard to look as though it all meant something, but would be firmly convinced that it meant nothing at all. *Finale to Act I.* The balcony in Act II. would reveal to the stone-deaf man that the business had something to do with *Romeo and Juliet*, and that the melancholy lotus-eater and the arch lady who had seen a good deal of the world were SHAKESPEARE's passionate boy-and-girl lovers. All this irrelevant, of course. The opera is not for stone-deaf people, and what really mattered was that the melancholy gentleman and the arch lady were two of the very most wonderful singers in Europe. For all that, it would be well if operatic stars would take a leaf out of CALVÉ's book, and act a little better. Stone-deaf man would have no difficulty in understanding what CALVÉ was about in *Carmen*.

Not much more to say of Tuesday the 12th. JEAN DE RESZKE seemed just the least bit tired, but managed all his wonderful resources with all his wonderful skill. Madame MELBA extraordinarily fresh and strong: a glorious voice, and a glorious experience to listen to it; feel a beast for having criticised her acting. Mlle. MAUBOURG and BAUERMEISTER good as *Stephano* and the *Nurse*, but the latter, as before, should make up older.

Wednesday.—*Carmen* in French, and Mlle. ZELIE DE LUSSAN as *Carmen*. No comparisons, if you please. Mlle. ZELIE's *Carmen* is good enough for me, in all conscience. Were I to be more complimentary to the artiste I should have to be uncomplimentary to the character of *Carmen*. But that applies to the drama as drama, not as opera; and herein, too, Mlle. ZELIE holds her own against all comers, that is, within my limited experience. Miss SUZANNE ADAMS, a delightful *Micaela*; in appearance contrasting artistically with her unscrupulous rival in Don JOSÉ SALEZA's tenorily-expressed affections. M. PLANÇON fine as "*Toréador Contento*." *Contentissimo*, because heartily encored. House strong, in spite of Ascot Week. Decidedly "good night."

Thursday, July 14.—Most appropriate bill for the Gold Cup day at Ascot: Pugliacchi, by LEONCAVALLO (but few of us were lucky enough to lay on the right *cavallo*), and *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Very horsey programme. The first event proved a walk over for Canio—DE LUCIA up; but he has been ridden to victory so often by this jockey that his win was a foregone conclusion. Fräulein SCHIFF (why does the programme call her Mademoiselle?) on the frisky mare *Nedda*, and Signor SCOTT on *Tonio*, were safe for places. MANCINELLI, timekeeper. Grand stand by no means full.

Cavalleria without our adorable CALVÉ seemed sadly lacking in colour and grip: and Frau GADSKI could not make us forget our disappointment. A more than usually vigorous *Turiddu* in the comely person of M. (should he not be printed Herr?) DIPPEL, and a more than usually quiet *Alfo* in M. BENSAUDE, who couldn't get his whip to crack during his first song, which seemed to dishearten him for the rest of the evening. Wild applause for the *intermezzo*. All over, and lights out, at eleven.

"HAPPY RETURNS."

It was an exceptionally representative assembly that at the Savoy Hotel greeted Sir HENRY IRVING on his return from his American tour. A home-coming warrior, after a series of triumphs, might perhaps have received a noisier but certainly not a heartier welcome than did our Premier Historion, when, as "a rising actor," he rose to respond to the toast, that had been eloquently proposed by the Lord Chief Justice.

The triumphal CARR, to whom was largely due the success of this banquet, drank to the American guests, who, most ably represented by Mr. CHOATE, the American Minister, and the eccentric humourist, MARK TWAIN, made the speeches of the evening. As mysteriously observed Sir SQUIRE to more than one *convive*, "They—aw—knocked all the other speeches into a cocked hat, eh?" With which sentiment, the recipients of Sir SQUIRE's confidences most unreservedly agreed.

D'OYLEY CARTE was in the chair—a *chaise roulante* by the way, in which he "wheel'd about and turned about" in order to go and interview the guests, being, in fact, quite a *carte de visite*,—and was on his legs so frequently in the course of the evening as to give his friends every hope that the time of his complete recovery is not far distant.

It was one of those rare occasions when Sir HENRY IRVING could appear as—what is so unprofessional with an actor—himself. It is, of all his characters, his very best. Who know not Sir HENRY thus do not Sir HENRY know, and it is their loss. There may be, and must be, differences of opinion as to IRVING in this, or that, or t'other impersonation; for example, my Lord Chief Justice thinks that when Sir HENRY is up before him as *Robert Macaire*, he acquits himself perfectly. But we all agree as to his merits when he is with us simply and plainly as—himself.

Of the crowded house that on Saturday night greeted the return of the two wanderers, "HENRY and ELLEN," of whom the poet long ago wrote, and of the speech from the stage, and of the reception after the fall of the curtain, have not full detailed accounts already appeared in all the papers? "Had ELLEN lost her mirth? Oh, no!" For which overhaul Poet COLERIDGE, and when found, &c., &c. "Oh, ELLEN was a faithful friend!" Insert "TERRY" after ELLEN, and there you have it. Likewise, "The grapes upon the Vicar's wall"—and the Vicar, of course, being the Vicar of Wakefield, in whose house, The Lyceum, most heartily and most affectionately did all greet the return of *Olivia*.



"Coming to the Point."



"WELCOME FROM EGYPT, SIR!"

Antony and Cleopatra, Act II., Scene 2.

[His Highness the KHEDIVI arrives Thursday, June 21.]



Lady. "WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

Tramp. "LAST TIME I WAS ROUND HERE, YOU GAVE ME A PIE WOT YER SAID YER COOKED YERSELF, LADY."

Lady. "WELL?"

Tramp. "WELL, I MERELY CALLED HERE TO KNOW WHO'S GOIN' TO COMPENSATE ME FOR THE TIME I WASTED IN HOSPITAL!"

POSTAL PROGRESS.

June 14, 1900.—Just written important letter to O'DONOGHUE, at Ballybosh. Suddenly remember some vague notice in newspapers about letters going earlier. Rush out, and into nearest post office. Nice young lady there. Always nice to me, as I am polite to her. Say hurriedly, "Excuse me—so sorry to trouble you—believe times of post altered. Sure you'll pardon seeming inquisitiveness—could you be so very kind—do letters for Ireland go earlier now?" "Yes," she says, "there is a new sorting office. Post goes at 5.30 now. You've just missed it." "But can't I put on an extra stamp?" I ask. "Not here," she replies; "you must go to Mount Pleasant." "Where on earth's that?" I cry. "In Tunbridge

Wells? I seem to remember that sort of name there." "No," she answers, "in London. But you'd better be quick." I rush out, scramble into a hansom, shout "Mount Pleasant!" and just catch late post.

Jan. 1, 1901.—At moment of finishing letter to OWEN AP WILLIAMS, at Aberllefenni, wonder if post office has made more improvements. Hasten to ask. It has. Land in central London so valuable that head sorting office now in West Kensington. Letters must be posted before 4-15. Cab to West Kensington. Just in time.

July 1, 1901.—BAGSTOCK must really get this letter at Bath by first post to-morrow. Nearly 4-15 now. Wonder if post office has tried any more reforms. It has. Times altered to-day. Sorting office now

at Brentford. Letters must go at 2-7. Am obliged to telegraph at immense length to BAGSTOCK. Am getting tired of postal progress.

Jan. 1, 1902.—Here we are again. Sure to have more post office improvements on New Year's day. Up early, and write to ROBINSON at Richmond. Close to Brentford, so all right, unless sorting office moved again. Get to post office at 11-15. Again too late. Hear that sorting office is now on Exmoor, and letters go at 10-59. Leave office filled with angry crowd.

April 1, 1900.—Horrible nuisance catching night mails at 10.59 A.M. However, will get this letter posted to CHOLMONDELEY in time. Wonder how long it takes to go to Chiswick by way of Exmoor. Perhaps it's not Exmoor now. Run to post office. It is shut up. Angry crowd in front, throwing stones at windows. On the door is this official notice, "Office closed. To-day's mails went yesterday. For the future they will always be despatched in that manner, the head sorting office being now at Land's End. Post early." H. D. B.

JOCA DARWINIANA.

I CONTENT the explanation
Of a jester's inspiration
Is no momentary brilliance of the brain,
But a steady evolution
From idea to execution,
And a word or two will make the matter plain.

First there comes a tiny spasm,
Which I think is Protoplasm,
For it may denote a poem or a pun,
And amorphous Protozoa
Of the best of jokes must grow a
Certain size before they're obviously fun.

But when matter gets in motion
Quite a complicated notion
May evolve itself from just a simple sell,
For a joke that's told with unction
Is organic in its function,
And the function of an organ is to "swell."

Thus it rises by gradation
In the scale of recreation
To a jesting after dining without stint,
Till it breaks its final trammel
And declares itself a mammal,
Which is vertebrate enough to "go" in print.

Braving dangers of rejection,
By a natural select on
It survives amid the fittest of the fit;
In the process of evolving
Very fortunately solving
That great difficulty—specie to wit.

THE WAIL OF A "SPECIAL."

ALAS! the stern voice of the Censor
Makes both myself and my pen sore.
He's crossed all my "T's"
Altered "Q's" into "P's,"
I cannot imagine one densor.



OUR CRICKET MATCH.

General Chorus (to Farmer Giles, who, in consideration of his lending us the field, has been included in the home team, but unfortunately is bowled first ball). "OUT, VARMER! THEE BE OUT! MAKE WAY FOR THE RECTOR NOW!"

Farmer Giles. "WHY, B'AIN'T I TO BAT NO MORE!"

Chorus. "COORSE NOT! THEE BE OUT!"

Farmer Giles. "OH, BE I! THEN HOUT YOU GOES HOUT O' MY FIELD!"

CARPE DIEM.

"The situation in China is very critical. . . . The Dowager Empress has revived theatricals in the palace."—*Daily Paper*. [Evidently the Empress encourages her own "Private Boxers" and "Royal Boxers."—*Note, Ed.*]

WHAT though the Boxers fire and sword should scatter,
What though they should stray missionaries batter,
Do you suppose the foreign devils matter,
Dowager Empress?

If, when your soldiers sally forth to meet them,
Pick of your army, chosen to defeat them,
Need it alarm you, should the rebels beat them,
Dowager Empress?

If the foundations of your realm are crumbling,
If round your ears its pinnacles are tumbling,
Is that a cause for bitterness and grumbling
Dowager Empress?

Nay, don the buskin! From the boards we'll borrow
Laughter to-day, though weeping comes to-morrow.
While we still may, we'll banish care and sorrow,
Dowager Empress.

INVISIBLE!

SIR,—No more scarlet for uniforms! Try "Invisible Blue" or "Invisible Green." To adopt these and use smokeless powder—why, an army could invade a country, and be in possession without any of the inhabitants perceiving it. Splendid! Excuse me, I'm suffering from a frontal attack, and must now, like ANNIE LAURIE, "lay me down and dee." From

A KOVE IN KHAKE.

WEATHERWISE MAXIMS.

WHEN in doubt, take out your umbrella with you and it's sure not to rain.

Wear a new summer suit, old boots, a new hat, and carry only a light walking-stick, and it's safe to pour.

VERY SIMPLE.

MY first's a human being,
My second's a bird,
My whole is a plant
Of which you have heard.

Answer — ?

PROVERBS GONE WRONG.

THE lion may lie down with the lamb, but you can't make him drink.

Little pitchers get broken if they don't leave well alone.
There is no fool like an old fool except an older fool.

OUT OF DATE.—Now that "Mounted Infantry" is an accepted term for a most useful branch of the service, why should "Horse Marines" be any longer an absurd form of chaff? It is antiquated chaff, true; but it still exists, and can only be applied to some of our very superior military officers, who tactically and practically have shown themselves very much "at sea."

A NEW INVENTION.—The Wagner Bi-cycle. Musical Box-seat fitted with selections from *Tannhauser*, *Lohengrin* and *Flying Dutchman*. Indispensable to Musical Cyclists. Beguiles time with tune en tour. Apply to the Wagner Wheel Company, Operatic Works.



TROUT STREAM MEMS.

SHALL PROVIDE MYSELF WITH A PAIR OF STOUT LEATHER LEGGINGS. MERE STOCKINGS SUCH A VERY IMPERFECT PROTECTION WHEN CONFOUNDED DOGS WILL INSIST UPON SEEING YOU OFF FARM PREMISES BY STREAM SIDE!

INNS AND OUTINGS.

SIR,—What a change has come over the Inns of England and Scotland within the last ten years, at least, as far as my personal acquaintance with them goes, and that is not inconsiderable. Inns and signs are rare, and we must speak of them all now as "hotels." But though calling themselves hotels, some that ought to know better and to be better (they won't "do better" till they change) are still lamentably behindhand in matters of *cuisine*, while not a few place themselves out of the pale of modern civilisation by banishing smokers to an out-of-the-way, comfortless "smoking-room" (generally horse-haired, reminding us of an old-fashioned commercial travellers' room *tempore Pickwick*), unless there happen to be also a billiard-room which may turn out to be a trifle less depressing. But what, in the meantime, is the better-half to do, if there are only two of you *en voyage*? There is only a "genteel" glazed-looking sort of suburban drawing-room to which she may retire, fitted up with a self-contained, refrigerated company limited. But in our modern hotels there is "a lounge," where coffee and cigars can be enjoyed without depriving the fair sex of our society, or us of theirs. This is a move in the right direction. Generally, too, there is an orchestra, so that, as the stage directions have it, conversation is "spoken through music."

In the Northern district of London the after-dinner lounge at the Grand Central on certain evenings is a sight to see; and in the South the lounges at the Grand, the Metropole, and at the Carlton, the brilliancy of the assemblage might compete on no unequal terms with that of the most fashionable gathering at the height of the London season. No objection here to what Mr. Box called "the effluvia of tobacco." Poet COWPER dropping in at any one of these places would have had to cancel his lines about the "pernicious weed" which "banishes the sex

that civilises ours." Why, you can light your manly cigar or ladylike cigarette in the dining-room, and enjoy it in the society of your fair partner, a privilege which is not accorded the visitor and his wife by the management of the otherwise excellent Hotel Central, Glasgow, which has about the loftiest *salle à manger* to be met with anywhere, in which a hundred cigars might be smoked and "leave not a wrack behind."

Then, by the sea—I write in the interest of those about to travel in the yet far-off vacation—the brand-new hotels are everywhere to be commended. The Burlington at Boscombe, if it only keeps up to its present mark of luxurious rooms and well-arranged dinners, ought to attract in and out of season; while, nearer London, at Ramsgate, where a good hotel has been much needed, the Granville—once, in QUATERMAIN EAST-ERN days, most popular, is now in its second Spring—having been rebuilt, is not only as luxurious as the latest inventions can make it, but promises to be as comfortable as the most exacting bachelor *bon vivant* may require. Ladies will take a delight in the perfectly furnished apartments, in the drawing-rooms, reading-rooms, and lounges in verandah and hall. But there is something here which to your inspector is a great attraction—to every bath-room there is a sea-water tap. No sending out a man with a pail, at so much extra *per diem*, for what never ought to be an expensive luxury at the sea-side. But here it is, "rain or shine," sea-water à discretion when you're ready.

City men can be down here, starting from Holborn Viaduct, L. C. & D., at 5 P.M., in a few minutes under two hours, in time for wash, brush up, and a 7.45 dinner, and a stroll by the cheerful sea wave afterwards. The afternoon Granville at 3.25 is due at 5, and the S. E. Granville also, pretending to stop at the Margate terminus, says, "No, we don't!" and hurries on to Ramsgate.

Finally, the Turkish bath, and the different baths which some twenty years ago were such a feature in the old Granville Hotel, are all being restored, and—here is a hint—if they only fit up the hall, where once the theatre was, as a gymnasium, with a professor or two of the noble arts of fencing, boxing, and single-stick in attendance, Mr. HOLLAND, the manager, will have wisely put by some provision for his visitors on a rainy day. And I should say he and his Co. will make a little "haul by the sea" at Ramsgate.

INSPECTOR.

"PUT IT DOWN A WEE."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I send you an extract from the Official Guide to Pompeii, which I think is a choice specimen of "English as she is wrote." It is all in the same delicious vein.

WACUOUS WIATOR.

P.S.—Please observe the "wery."

Extract from the Official "Guide to Pompeii," Illustrated. Published by the Scafati-Pompei Pompeian Tipographical Establishment and Library.

Page 79.—Domus Vettiorum, Vetti's House or New House, Reg. VI. Insula XIV. nona street or degli Scienziati.

"This surprising habitation was discovered in 1895, and it is very important for its beautifulness and its nearly untouched conservation of the superb pictures and rare objects of art which have been recovered in it. There fore it reclaims the attention of all visitors that wery day conoir in great number to Pompei's Coves."

"SOME FRIENDS JUST 'PASSING THROUGH'."—Go and visit them. In Bond Street. The "FRAGONARDS" from Grasse, *grace aux Messrs. AGNEW*, who put themselves out, to grasse, to get them, and then exhibited them here in '98. "Who fears to speak of '98?" Not the Messrs. AGNEW, with whom The FRAGONARDS are staying for a short time this season. Then the subject! "*Roman d'Amour de la Jeunesse!*" Hurry up! Few have a chance of doing a *Roman d'amour de la jeunesse* twice in a lifetime. And delighted as the "Famille FRAGONARD" must be with their present quarters, in the very centre of fashion, *dans le mouvement de Londres*, yet away they will have to go. *La jeunesse ne revient jamais!*

POSTHISTORIC PEEPS.

ACCORDING to the *Daily Chronicle*, "a new political area is heralded by the rumoured running of a cycling candidate for Parliament." This announcement opens up a vista of developments hitherto undreamed of, and Mr. Punch has told off his own special Prophet to forecast the Queen's Speech of 1920.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

My relations with all the other Powers continue to be of a friendly character.

My dispute with the United States over the America Cup, in consequence of which I was reluctantly compelled to withdraw my Minister from Boston, has been referred to the concert of Europe. The conferences which the Ambassadors have been instructed to hold are still proceeding, and I see no danger of their terminating.

The troubles which broke out in my Australian Colonies upon the defeat of their cricket teams by my Eleven have been appeased by the return to the spectators of their gate-money, and my subjects have been restored to their wonted loyalty and allegiance.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

The estimates for the year will be laid before you. While desirous of guarding against undue expenditure, I feel that the present lack of condition in the country will not permit you to depart from that spirit in which you have during recent years provided cricket-fields, golf-links, and race-courses for the development of my Empire.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

The neglect of sport—especially among the younger officers of my army—having become a national disgrace, a Bill will be laid before you to provide against their becoming too much engrossed in their professions, and requiring them to duly observe Derby Day, Ascot, and other great national festivals.

For the further encouragement of sport, your consent will be asked to a measure providing that every post office be furnished with a tape, and that the latest betting news be exhibited in a conspicuous place.

Bills for the promotion of Temperance Reform, Old-Age Pensions, the Housing of the Working Classes, the Relief of Over-crowded Districts and the Abolition of Slums have been prepared, and will be laid before you if opportunity for considering them should be found.

WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW.—We know that guns were constructed to go off. But how is it that, in spite of our successes and captures of men, we have never succeeded in collaring any of their guns, except one or two big ones such as CRONJE and t'other BOTHA?



MEMS FOR MOTORISTS.

IF YOUR CAR SUDDENLY APPEARS TO DRAG HEAVILY, YOU MAY BE SURE THERE IS SOMETHING TO ACCOUNT FOR IT.

THE TRANSMIGRATIONS OF
MR. LABOUCHERE.

["Had I been a Greek three thousand years ago,
I should have been opposed to the siege of Troy."
Mr. Labouchere.]

It was three thousand years ago
The Greeks went forth with ships and
To lay the pride of PRIAM low, [men
And very few came back again!
I thought the war a sad mistake—
A fact well known to every boy;
THERSITES was the name I bore,
And I opposed the siege of Troy.

Years passed, times changed, and it befell
That Rome and Carthage came to blows,
Till ultimately Carthage fell—
Again, as every schoolboy knows.
I mocked the Roman Senate's schemes,
I mocked the Roman soldier's scars;

I was a Roman citizen,
And I opposed the Punic wars.

Then, coming to more modern days,
When DRAKE was on the Spanish Main,
'Twas I alone declined to praise
The man who broke the power of Spain.
And when from Elba NAP returned,
And Belgium saw the final coup,
I said hard things of WELLINGTON
And disapproved of Waterloo.

And, therefore, now, when Mr. K.
Has left his capital and fled,
When STEYN is also gone away,
And CRONJE's caught and JOUBERT's
dead,
When ROBERTS still goes marching on,
And British troops crown every hill,
A pattern of consistency
You see me disapproving still. ST. J. H.



OPPORTUNITY.

*Viator (to Countryman, who has just slipped and fallen heavily). "LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND UP, MY MAN."
Countryman. "NAW, THANKEE, SIR: NOW OI ARE DOWN OI THINK OI'LL SET AWHILE."*

THE PLAINT OF THE INJURED PARODIST.

(An Appeal to the Poet Laureate after perusing his variation on "The Light Brigade.")

As when a young thing, all her heart aflame,
Her cheek by steady vigils rendered hollow,
Caught in an ecstasy of maiden shame,
Swoons at the feet of some sublime Apollo:

Then from a dream of chanted Delphic hymns
Haunting the glades of Phocis, green and nutty,
Wakes up and finds her idol's lower limbs
To be composed of ordinary putty:

Looks for the locks that went in wavy lines
Crowning the slightly academic forehead,
And notes the nascent horns and other signs
That mark the Satyr's nature (which is horrid):

And lastly turns to where he held the lyre
Ready for pæans, rural odes, or dirges,
And there, as though to mock the Muses' quire
Perceives a banjo fresh from MOORE and BURGESS:

So we, poor fools, who hushed our clamorous hearts
Before the image of revived Apollo,
Drank in the beauty born of Greekish arts
And breathed the scent of bays we dared not swallow:

Whose homage hurt our trousers at the knee,
Who held our throbbing brows abashed and pendent
Before the shining shape which claimed to be
The singing god's legitimate descendant:

Who faintly, like the humble mocking-bird,
Have sought to imitate his rapt effusions—
Our eyes are opened; something has occurred
To stultify our holiest illusions!

O ALFRED!—for we wish to drop disguise
And shirk a simile that strains its tether—
Come, loose the poet's frenzy from your eyes
And let us talk, on business lines, together.

Time was when we believed we had in you
A mine of practically priceless treasure,
A sempiternal source of revenue,
An ocean all unplumbed to tap at leisure.

You were the flower from which, with honest toil,
We busy bees contrived to gather honey;
But now you grudge us our laborious spoil,
And grow, yourself, deliberately funny!

Shifting your rôle from butt to bombardier,
The victim once and now the bold aggressor,
You enter, at a bound, the comic sphere
And bravely parody your predecessor!



A "REGRETTABLE INCIDENT."

F.-M. PUNCH (to GENERAL ROUTINE). "THERE 'S NO EXCUSE! SENSELESS DRESS! D—D SENSELESS MANAGEMENT!"

[“Anyhow, it is imperative that the next Field Day shall not involve four deaths and 400 cases of sickness.”—*Westminster Gazette*.]



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Your solemn gifts had nursed in us the hope

Of one perennial fount of titillation,
But now you pass beyond the jester's scope
And cheat us of our chartered occupation!

To seek to reproduce you as of old
Would be to make ourselves supremely silly;

How can it serve to gild refined gold,
Or paint the absolutely perfect lily?

ALFRED, be generous as you are great!
Urge not your claim to humour quite so hotly!

You have your laureate's panoply of state,
Leave us our fool's prerogative of motley!
O. S.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, June 14.
—As someone has earlier remarked, murder will out. No one regarding the meek, venerable presence of SAM SMITH, hearing the plaintive piping of his voice, would imagine him as an authority on the seamy side of theatrical life. To-night he bewrayed himself.

House back after Whitsun Holidays; buckled to in Committee on Education Vote. JOHN O'GORST, Time-honoured Educationist, moved vote in one of those lucid, with refreshing sub-acidity of humour, speeches which ever renew marvel in mind of the Member for Sark that at this time of day GORST should still rank as Vice-President of a defunct Council. I say it is because of embarrassment of riches at disposal of the MARKISS. SARK runs his eye along the Treasury Bench and says "Humph!"

To-night JOHN O'GORST in a few strokes, apparently carelessly planted, drew delightful picture of the Dook of DEVONSHIRE settling with papal authority a nice point in religious controversy. Seems that in a certain Board School complaint made that teaching of the Apostles' Creed, enjoining man's duty to his Maker and his duty to his neighbour, is denounced as a violation of the law.

"The question," JOHN O'GORST said in hushed voice, "is almost ripe for decision."

"When the moment comes," he added with natural elation at the prospect of supreme settlement, "my noble friend, the Lord President of the Council, and myself, will consider the matter and come to the best conclusion possible to us."

There flashed across the House a vision of the DOOK, with his hands in his pockets, yawning, whilst JOHN O'GORST recited to him the Apostles' Creed, and argued points of its bearing upon the Conscience Clause.

It was earlier than this SAM SMITH accidentally let out where he has been spending his nights since he came to town, ostensibly in attendance on Parliamentary



Old Lady (from the Country). "WELL, I NEVER! AND TO THINK BURGLARY SHOULD HAVE BECOME A REGULAR RESPECTABLE TRADE!"

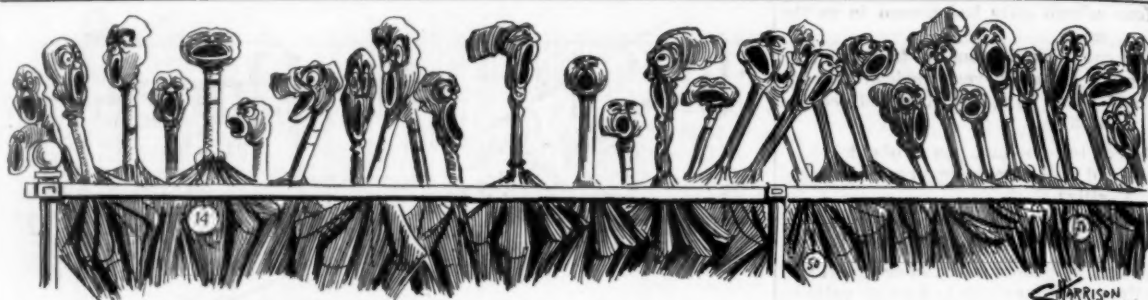
duties. As he forlornly wandered round question of alleged clerical iniquities in Board Schools, Chairman from time to time recalled him to subject before Committee. At fourth reproof SAMUEL, with fresh flood of tears in his voice, wailed, "Very well, Mr. LOWTHER; but it's really very difficult to walk on a tight-rope."

How does SAMUEL know this? Surely he has not, with or without tights and a balancing-pole, been attempting the feat? More probable that at one of the ballets just now filling the music halls he has seen a short-skirted fairy nimbly run along the rope, and marvelled how it was done. However it be, illustration apt, submitted in tone of conviction that shook a flippant audience with laughter.

Business done.—House resumed after Whitsun Recess.

Friday night.—The Member for Sark has been spending Whitsun holidays with Sir JOHN LENG, in his baronial castle that fronts the Firth of Tay, and keeps in wholesome awe the turbulent burghers of Dundee. Tells me he had opportunity, under the Chief's guidance, of looking through some of the papers with which the archives of the old town are stored. Found among them, bearing date August 3, 1745, the following entry:

"The Council authorize the Treasurer to give to Mr. Lawder, one of the Masters of the Latine School of this Burrow, Two Guineas for his pains and Charges in making some poymys upon the Town of Dundie,



THE "HANDLE" FESTIVAL, OR THE CRYSTAL PALACE UMBRELLA STAND, JUNE 16 TO 23.

which are now hung up in the Town House; but at same time intimate to him not to make any more of those poems without the Magistrates' approbation."

The poet, whose name is more commonly spelled LAUDER, lives in fame chiefly by reason of the literary forgeries whereby he endeavoured to show that JOHN MILTON was no better than he should be—that, in short, he was indebted to older writers for some of his most effective passages.

That is another story. What struck the Member for Sark on coming across this document, was its adaptability to to case of Poet Laureate. It is the MARKISS who is responsible for the grim joke of placing ALFRED THE LITTLE in immediate succession to, therefore in direct comparison with, ALFRED THE GREAT. SARK, remembering the jingle about the Jameson raid, the mournful numbers about Mafeking, feeling sure that something else will be forthcoming about the triumphal march of BOBS, wants to ask the MARKISS whether he does not think the joke—never a very good one—isn't now played out? Couldn't he take a leaf out of the ancient Dundee Town Council book, forwarding a butt of Malmsey, and a cheque for salary up to date for ALFRED's pains and charges, enjoin him "not to make any more of those poems without the magistrates' approbation"?

Business done.—Deadly dull night with Civil Service Estimates.

AT SEXES AND SEVENS.

AT the meeting of the Women's Liberal Federation, it was decided that the working hours of the sexes should be equal. No doubt at the next conference the following resolutions will be added to the list and carried.

Men and women not to work beyond their strength, and that strength to be ascertained by testing the weakest.

Men and women to be paid the same wages, for the same work.

Boys and girls to be allowed to grow at the same rate, to the same height.

The sexes in every possible respect to be equalised, and to carry out this desirable object human nature to be abolished by act of parliament.

REBUS IN ARDUIS.

TELL me, stranger, ere I perish,
Of the fish men call the trout,
Ere I lose the hopes I cherish,
Summer in and summer out,
Hopes of hooking one and landing
Him before the day is done,
Waist deep in the water standing,
From the dawn to set of sun.

Tell me, is his belly yellow?
Is he spotted red and black?
Does he look a splendid fellow
When you turn him on his back?



Is there any fly can rise him,
Any hook can hold him tight?
Is one able to surprise him
Any time from morn to night?

Stranger, years I've passed in trying
Every artifice and lure,
Standing, crawling, wading, lying,
Casting clean and long and sure.
Empty yet remains my basket,
Cramped and weary grows my fist,
Stranger, in despair I ask it,
Does the trout in truth exist?

NOTE BY DARBY JONES.—Merman in the Gold Cup at Ascot, had no end of a tail behind him.

"BOBSTAYS."—FRENCH, IAN HAMILTON, COLVILL, and KITCHENER.

ALL BUT OFFICIAL.

(A Correspondence possible, probable, but imaginary.)

BEG to submit that, as the glass is 90 in the shade, it would be advisable to serve out a hundred cabbage leaves as head-gear.

Z., 2nd Lieut. in temporary charge of F Company, Loamshire Regt.

Seen suggestion, and beg to forward it to General Commanding District.

Y., Commanding Officer,
Loamshire Regt.

Think this is a matter for Principal Medical Officer.

X., General Commanding District.

There would be no harm in adopting cabbage leaves as head-gear in abnormally hot weather. It might be valuable as an experiment from a scientific point of view. Return it to General Commanding District.

W., Principal Medical Officer.

Have received enclosed. Think this is a matter for your consideration and report.

V., Commander-in-Chief.

Submit that this should have been sent to the Contract branch. Cabbage leaves cannot be regarded under the heading "Discipline."

A. A. G.

Fancy this must have been sent to this department in error. Try Contracts.

T., Chaplain-General.

No doubt cabbage leaves could be obtained from the recognised providers. But, under the circumstances, it would be better to advertise for tenders. Forwarding the minute on to Financial Secretary.

S., D.G.C.

As the new regulation is to give everything to everybody, see no objection to the serving out of cabbage leaves.

R., Financial Secretary.

(A week passes.)

Have received the cabbage leaves, but now the glass is only a few degrees above freezing point in the shade. Have consequently utilised the green stuff for soup. Trust my conduct will meet with approval.

Z., 2nd Lieut. in temporary charge of F Company, Loamshire Regt.

DEAR ZACKY,—Have shown your last minute to the chief, and he says all right and let's forget all about it.

Yours, in haste. Q., Adjutant.



ONE bright sunny morning in late September, a powerfully-built schooner of about a hundred and fifty tons was slowly standing in towards one of the lonely isles dotted about that vast, almost unknown, region which we on this side of the habitable globe vaguely speak of as Oceania. The party on board, in addition to the skipper and the crew, consisted of the owner, JOHN SHELDON, a strong devotee of yachting in its more ambitious branches; his wife, almost as great an enthusiast as he was himself; and my humble self, RICHARD BROUGHTON, late Major of Her Majesty's 142nd Regiment, and retired because the sapient ones at the War Office wouldn't have me any longer! You see, I was a little over forty years of age, which, be it known, is a high crime and misdemeanour in the eyes of the authorities.

Two months beforehand, JACK SHELDON and I had sat in the verandah of an hotel overlooking the beautiful harbour of Sydney, discussing my sorry fate; or, rather, he had been silent whilst I poured out my woes into his sympathetic ear.

"Of course," I concluded, bitterly, "as we all know, a man of forty-five is quite useless—good for nothing! and must, perforce, retire, in order to make way for some beardless boy!"

Then I lit a cheroot, and pulled away in savage silence.

JACK looked up good-naturedly.

"Well, old man, it's no use to grumble and 'cuss' at your fate. You are, as you say, 'at a loose end.' Why not come out with us for a long cruise amongst the islands? There's lots of room on the old *Amphitryon*, and my wife 'll be as pleased as I shall if you say 'Yes.' It 'll do you heaps of good, and we shall very likely come across some 'fearful wildfowl' that 'll amuse us. The Service isn't the be-all and end-all of a man's active life, is it?"

And so it was that I came to be aboard the good old yacht, on the day she was gradually making the shores of one of the most

beautiful islands we had hitherto come across in those most beautiful seas.

We slowly forged ahead, our stem cleaving the azure water with even keel, as we neared the palm-fringed shore. Suddenly a native canoe shot out from the centre of the little bay into which we were heading, and was paddled swiftly towards us. It was manned by fine-looking, brown-skinned fellows, packed so tightly together that they almost impeded each other's efforts in the use of the paddles.

JACK SHELDON lit a cigar, threw the match into the sea, and leaning idly over the bulwarks, said:

"We 'll stay where we are for two or three days—that is, if the skipper thinks we can lie here safely. We 'll send some washing ashore by these people in the canoe. And then, when we're tired of the place, we 'll fill up our water-breakers, get in some fruit and some fresh meat, and be off again for——"

"Lee, oh!" shouted the skipper, who always attended to the steering in *propria persona* when we were approaching land. "Hold on yet, boys. Now, let her come. Haul in your fore-sheet. How much nearer would you like to go in, Sir?"

"Oh, I should think we might stand on for another two or three minutes before you let go your anchor," replied SHELDON, indifferently.

The skipper nodded, and as we stood on the canoe altered its course and paddled directly towards us. About a couple of minutes elapsed, and then our Captain spoke again.

"Now, stand by, boys, and get your hook" (an anchor was always a 'hook' with old RUGGLES) "ready. BEN and TOM there, stand by them foresail halyards—now, some of ye to main halyards and peak. That's it. Now!" he cried, hauling the tiller over and throwing the yacht up into the wind.

"Down jib, down foresail!" And a moment or two later, "Let go your hook!" and a resounding splash in the pellucid waters preceded the concluding portion of the skipper's speech:

"That's all serene. We shall lie here quiet enough, as long as this wind holds, and I don't see no sign of its changin' yet awhile, anyhow."

Directly our anchor was down, the natives in the canoe redoubled their efforts and soon shot their light, narrow craft up alongside the yacht.

Until then we had not taken much notice of the Islanders,

but now, looking over the side of the *Amphitryon*, we were somewhat astonished to see the "get-up" of the man who appeared to be their Chief. Attired ("not too much attired, but just attired enough," as JACK facetiously observed), for the most part, like the rest of his companions, he sported in addition—*O tempora, O mores!*—a false shirt front—known to the profane vulgar as a "Dickey"—and—yo gods and little fishes!—a top hat! This last was adorned at the side with sundry birds' feathers nodding to the breeze like the plumes of a hearse. Mrs. SHELDON incontinently retired below, stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth to prevent an explosion of laughter; whilst, in order to guard against any such *contretemps* on our own part, JACK and I advanced with preternaturally solemn faces to salute the Chief as he came up the gangway.

SHELDON extended his hand and the Chief shook it heartily. Then, just as we were preparing to listen to the monotonous, chanting tones of the native language, we were both "taken flat aback," in nautical parlance, by the words which this singularly attired individual addressed to us.

"Say, I reckon yew didn't calculate to meet a real live Pres'dent, and a free-born 'Murrican cit'zen 'in these hyar parts, eh? Fact. I'm Pres'dent o' the people belongin' to this section, and, as the late A. SELKIRK ob-served, 'Guess I'm monarch of all I sur-vey.' Shake."

SHELDON was the first to recover from a surprise which had fairly taken away the breath from both of us. He again grasped the extended hand, and "shook." Then the Yankee, calling over the side in the native tongue, summoned two of the stalwart rowers to come on board us. They took their places behind their Chief, standing in what dancing masters call "the fifth position," and with one hand raised to the side of their foreheads in a kind of military salute.

The "down-Easter" surveyed them with a look of genuine pride on his face.

"My body-guard," he observed, with an airy wave of his hand. Then, by way of showing off their qualities, he said, addressing the foremost,

"HIRAM P. SLATER (can't stand any o' their fool-language names," he explained to us, parenthetically, "so I call them good, plain 'Murrican ones), I would gargle."

The dark-skinned native, with an imperturbable face which would have done credit to a London footman, at once produced from the folds of his dress a huge brandy flask, and solemnly presented it to his master.

"Gentlemen, will you liquor?" asked the Yankee, hospitably proffering us his "weapon."

"No, no!" exclaimed SHELDON quickly. "You're on my ship, Sir, and ye're going below in a minute for the express purpose of tasting some of the stuff I keep there for such an occasion as this. You are my guest to-day, aboard."

The President bowed gravely, as he answered, "And you must be mine to-morrow, ashore. HIRAM P.," he added, turning to his attendant, "we will not gargle at present;" and the flask was immediately "stowed" by the well-trained servant.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON VANDERBILT!" called out the Yankee, and Guard Number Two smartly stepped forward, saluting. "My see-gars;" and immediately a case, about the size of an ordinary portmanteau, was produced and handed to him.

"You see, I make 'em useful. One's my Chancellor o' the Exchequer, and the other—the one with the see-gars—is the Minister for War. Splendidly trained men, and jest devoted to their Pres'dent. Now, gentlemen, jest you tell me anything you are likely to want which my country affords, and it's yours. Fruit, pigs, yams, bananners—well, I reckon yew're as well 'quainted with the schedule of what grows on these hyar islands as I am. Anything you name shall be aboard yewre old tank quicker'n you could wink."

"You're really too good to us, Mr. President—I think you said President?"

"Correct in once. Pres'dent HOBOKEN T. CUSSNER, late Captain of the *Alabammer* steamship, Port o' N' York."

"Well now, Mr. President, what do you say? Shall we go below to try the champagne, or tell the steward to bring it to us here on deck under the awning?"

The Yankee dry-shaved his chin. "Wal, gimme the deck. Ye see, I ain't much in the way o' being indoors, and I'd feel my lungs sorter crowded down b'low. But, say, 'stead o' the champagne, hev' yew a streak o' Bourbon whiskey aboard? Yew hev'? That's real elegant! Shake." And again SHELDON and the President clasped hands. "Thar's a grip in some o' that old forty-rod lightnin' which champagne, however strong, seems to sorter miss. And—wal, yes, I guess I will take one o' your see-gars, and a seat as well. And now we're camped down an' snug, p'raps yew and yewre friend hyar would like to know jest how plain HOBOKEN T. CUSSNER rose to the proud position of Pres'dent o' this prom'nent Republic? Ef that is so, I reckon I'll jest gargle fust and then tell you the why o' the hull business afterwards."

Of course we both wanted to gratify our natural curiosity on the subject, and promptly settled ourselves into comfortable deck-chairs to listen. How Mr. CUSSNER became President seemed very strange indeed, and reminded me of the old story of how, whilst a stranger sang "There's a wail on the hill" in a mining camp, he was rudely interrupted by a chorus of queries as to how the deuce it—the whale—got there? We wanted to know how Mr. CUSSNER "got there."

The object of our curiosity leisurely bit the end off a cigar, lighted it, and threw himself back in his lounge chair, puffing with evident satisfaction at the Cabana. Then the steward came up on deck, bearing a tray on which stood tumblers, a bottle of the Bourbon beloved of all good Americans, another of champagne, and a supply of soda-water.

"I reckon a splash o' this hyar Bourbon'll remind me of a time when I was in a very different section," said our guest, as he helped himself to a liberal dose of the whiskey, and a very small one of the soda. He swallowed three or four mouthfuls with profound satisfaction, and then—having, with an unconventionality quite charming in so great a man, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, and solemnly expectorated over the side—began:

"I was cap'n an' part-owner o' the ole *Alabammer* when my stroke o' luck happened me. We had had fair winds an' smooth seas the first two or three weeks out from Borston; then, all of a sudden, the wind begun to get up, weather changed, and things jest went sideways. My chief mate got drunk so frequent that it became, as yew might say, mo-notonous, and the crew was about the durndest, cussedest lot yew ever struck. One ha'f didn't know their work, and the other ha'f wouldn't do it. Presently it begun to blow great gee-wilkins, and kep' on blowin' so long that we was driven hundreds o' miles outen our course. The mate was always too drunk to take an observation, and I never did reelly understand much about navigation, nor sextants, nor any o' them sort o' things. So, yew see, we felt kinder cornered, and begun to get real nervous. Wal, to cut it short, one dark night, not knowing I was near any land, I ran on to something and piled up the ole *Alabammer* on these hyar rocks" (with an airy wave of his hand towards the island). "She broke up, and I come ashore—not in any style, but on a hen-coop—"

"You were wrecked?" asked SHELDON.

"Some. Wrecked! Well, I should smile. I reckon there wasn't enough *Alabammer* left by morning to make a chore o' kindlin' wood of. Heaps o' cargo come ashore, luckily for me. I b'leeve some o' the crew got away in one o' the boats—but none of 'em ever come ashore hyar, dead or alive. They was jest the hardest lot ever I struck; an' ef they all went straight

to Satan at once, I reckon he'd want to work overtime to keep the stokin' up to sample. But I o-pine that even he draws the line somewhere, and wouldn't admit 'em 'cept in small instalments.

"Wal, soon as I floated ashore the natives come down on to the beach, jest as friendly as pie. Guess they saw I was a cit'zen o' the U-nited States; and all the world over the latch-string's hangin' out for 'most anyone sailin' under the star-spangled banner, as yew gentlemen know. We got right along together from the start, me and the natives. Their King (he's my Prime Minister now—I call him CÆSAR J. THOMPSON—most useful man, and cleans out my block, the White House, once a week, and does it real well), wal, he took to me, right off, rigged me out in a soot of his own, consistin' mainly of some big feathers, a few green leaves and a pair o' sandals; but later on, when things that had come ashore from the ship—this hat amongst 'em—was brought up from the beach, I was a man agen. I went to live with the King, who reckoned he'd marry me to ha'f a dozen wives. I reckoned he wouldn't, though! I said I was not strong—which they cert'nly were. Finally, I compromised the thing by takin' two or three of his sisters off'n his hands.

"Wal, Sir, we dwelt together in peace an' un'ty—that is, more or less in peace an' un'ty—until I begun to find everything so slick to my hand that life seemed to sorter pall: the life o' the bloaters eater* didn't seem to suit HOBOKEN T. CUSSNER, and 'peared kinder tame after the bustle an' hum o' N' York an' 'Frisco. So I cast around, an' soon begun to discover that what the natives hyar was jest achin' for—though they themselves didn't seem aware of it—was a Constitootion an' a Pres'dent. Soon as I could sling their one-eyed language some, I unfolded a massive scheme o' Guv'ment to them, p'intin' out the evils an' hardships they was groanin' under—which they'd never seen before, and, to be ex-act, didn't see then; told 'em they was bein' crushed beneath th' iron heel o' the o-pressor, and represented that though their King was a good feller, yet he wasn't good 'nuff. I orated o' the glories o' liberty, o' the wagglin' o' the Bird o' Freedom in the U-nited States, o' the blessin's o' a Constitootion. Whereupon these chuckle-headed clams all said they had good constitootions. I p'inted out that they hadn't the Franchise; and they anserd that they didn't want it, as there was plenty of pigs and yams and bananners to live on. I explained that the Franchise wasn't somethin' to eat, but the proud priv'lege of every free-born cit'zen to have a voice in the councils o' the nation. I bulled right along until at last they tumbled and recognised, slowly but cert'nly, that they was the oppressed victims of a corrupt Oligarchy. They didn't know what the word meant. No, more did I; but I reckon it sounded well, and almost as comfortin' as the old woman's Mesopotamia. When at last they was ripe and ready for mischief and felt good an' injured, I said I guessed I would see the King and prevent bloodshed. So I interviewed him in a style that would ha' turned a *Herald* man green with envy. I explained the po-litical position, and told him I reckoned he'd better 'git.'

"Why?" asks the chucklehead, simple as a young steer in a cabbage grove. "Do not my people love me?"

"I guess not," I anserd; "that is, socially they may, but politically they want your blood."

"But they were always peaceful, contented, and happy," he went on in a kinder helpless, bewildered way.

"So. Until they recognised that you had withheld from them that priceless blessin'—the Franchise. That, Sir, is the birthright of every free-born man."

"What is this Franchise? If they require it so much, let us try to get a supply from the next ship which puts in here," he says.

* Lotus eater?

"He was a well-meanin' cuss, but political rights didn't seem his line as it were.

"You make me tired," I said. "You evidently don't understand as much of the Constitootion of a State as a Providence River oyster. An' what's wuss, I reckon I might set right here tryin' to explain it to you till my pants showed signs of wear. No, and even then you wouldn't get the hang of it. But I tell yew straight, Royalty, the people are ready to rise and throw off the yoke."

"What yoke?" he asks, still all simplicity an' betel-nut.

"Oh, I guess some time, when I've a year or two hangin' heavy on hand, I'll explain," I says, sarcastic. "But jest now, I reckon I got to act. See here, I tell yew what I'll do, if you agree to the terms. You shall remain King, I'll be Pres'dent, and the People shall hev their Constitootion; then we shall all be satisfied, an example fer the hull o' the civerlized world to foller. How does the scheme strike you, Royalty?"

"He said that was all right. So long as he was to remain King, he allowed he didn't care a cuss who was Pres'dent an' who was Constitootion.

"Then come the moment fer me to strike. So I stretched out my legs and yawned, and 'peared sort of drawly and indifferent, an' then I says, ca'm an' quiet:

"O' course, yew know that a King's only shucks compared to a Pres'dent. I s'pose yew know that much, Royalty, eh? an' that the Kings o' France an' England allus has to remain standin' when the Pres'dent o' the U-nited States is on hand?"

"Wal, the King he turned jest as sick as could be at that. I never seen a sicker nigger'n him. His jaw fell about a foot as he gasped out:

"You—you are to be placed higher than me?"

"I jest nodded.

"Some," I answered, slow an' cautious. I wanted to see how he was goin' to take it, and I made ready to light outen the door, if needful, an' to do it in a hurry too, fer the King stands over six feet two, and has got a touch like the kick of a horse. But the critter seemed kinder dazed fer the moment, an' that moment, Sir, carried the day fer me.

"See here, Royalty," I ses. "I don't want ter be hard on yew. Yew shall be Prime Minister; an' I reckon that if a man that's Prime Minister ain't got a sight more power'n a man that's King, nowadays—well, then, I say that that man don't know enough to come in outen the rain! Is it a whizz?" and I held out my hand, friendly.

"He looked 'round, sorter helpless, and was jest about to shout for the bodyguard, when he must have suddenly remembered this was the one partickler day of the week when the bodyguard was allowed to get drunk—an institution of my own, that, in the interests o' freedom and the rights o' man. Wal, the King, he see the game was up, as he knew the holt I had got on the people, and there was nobody there to protect him of I raised the mob. He sighed and gave in—reg'lar wilted, as you may say."

The President again paused, and thoughtfully expectorated over the bulwarks as he helped himself to a second tumbler of the old Bourbon. Then he resumed:

"The change, Sirs, was e-fected without bloodshed or trouble of any sort: a reg'lar *Coop de Tar* as the French call it. I reckoned it would make things lighter for the King ef I told him I'd already been President o' the U-nited States, England an' Ireland—so I done it, and he seemed good an' pleased and looked up to me as a man who was rather doin' this little ant-heap a favour in takin' on the gov'ment, which is, in a way, true. An' now the King, he jest worships me. I've taught him eucbre and seven-up, and even condescend to win a bit off him sometimes. I don't put on no frills, though I am

a Pres'dent and he only a black man. What's more, I've lately married three of his relatives who lived at his hut—which must be a relief to him, jedgin' by the amount o' naggin', an' sassin', an' hair-combin' they've transferred from their late protector to their present husban'.

"My first act o' State was to carry out my sollum pledged word that the people should hev' the Franchise. It soothed 'em all to think they'd a voice in the conduct o' public affairs, and it didn't matter a cuss in reality! Every man, woman, an' child was at once put on the list o' voters, an' I made 'em a speech explainin' what a proud po-sition it was. Every three years we shall hev' an election for Pres'dent, and all they hev' to do is to vote—for me. Ye see, they're setch a simple people you must treat 'em to simple ways. Ef they was told 'you can vote for this crank or the other,' or for the free silver ticket (we ain't got no silver here as a matter o' fact), or for the Democratic candidate or what not, they'd get kinder confused. An' ef the candidate o' one section got beat, that lot would jest raise Cain an' make things hum fer the rest. But by my plan everybody's satisfied. We shall jest enounce

ELECTION OF PRESIDENT.

VOTE FOR

CUSSNER,

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND!

Wal, there's the hull business in a nutshell: there's nobody else to vote for—therefore they'll all vote for me. I shall be returned, an' the voters'll go home pleased as pie that their candidate has run in for Pres'dent."

The Yankee solemnly closed one eye as he said this, and I felt profoundly impressed with the delightful simplicity of his scheme. Also, I wondered how long the guileless native was likely to stand it—and him.

"And the King? How does he get on as Prime Minister?" asked SHELDON, repressing a strong inclination to laugh.

"Fust rate, I reckon. Oh; the King's a daisy: should guess he's never been so happy before as he is, jest now. I've brought his country right up to date. We've got a def'nite system o' taxation, even. Six o' the biggest natives hev' been app'inted tax gatherers, and each one travels around collectin' with a thick club. They gets a percentage on what they ken raise, an' no limit's placed on the sum to be demanded: if our tax-man sees a chance o' gettin' a bit over, why he jest goes fer it like a trout at a fly. The system's a durned sight better'n any I've ever struck in civerlized countries. What's a Jedge's summons compared to a thick club?

"Next, I organised the standin' army. We got twenty-three men in our army—that is, includin' my bodyguard, HIRAM P. SLATER and GEORGE WASHINGTON VANDERBILT, who you see on board. I'm Field-Marshal and General Commandin'-in-Chief, an' the King he's Major-Gineral. We're thinkin' o' getting uniforms fer the army somewhen, but we can't do it right now, because we're too busy raisin' a navy—eight canoes, Sir, and useful ones, you bet—for service agens't the incur-sions o' foreign States.

"Gentlemen, your old Bourbon an' see-gars hez done me a ton o' good; likewise to hev' a talk in my own native 'Murrican—that has raised my sperrits a sight, too. Anythin' you want on my island is yours. Jest send around an' collect anythin' you should take a fancy to. Never mind the owner, he don't count, hyar.

"An' now I must git. I've kep' the King coolin' his heels an' waitin' around fer me all this time on the beach. He was real mad I wouldn't let him come aboard. But a body ken hev' too much o' Royalty, an' yew ken hev' too much of a Prime Minister. I reckon I was jest beginnin' to sour a little on the King.

"I hope, gentlemen, yew're goin' to stay around in this section, awhile? There's some re-markable things to show yew on my island. I call it my island now—seems to come natural, as it were. Now and agen I feel as ef I should like a crawl around town—jest for a piece; an' sometimes I'd like a look at a *New York Her'd*. But yew don't ketch me leavin' my present lo-cation—not by a long chalk—you ken betcher boots. I reckon I know a soft thing when I see it. And though Royalty hez a great respect fer me while I'm on hand, I don't seem to feel certain but what he might change his mind if once my back was turned on the island. Dessay the critter feels that what was once his might be his agen; but in that re-spect he'll hev' to reckon with Pres'dent HOBOKEN T. CUSSNER! Say now," he added, suddenly changing the subject of conversation, "what'll you trade off some o' that Bourbon at? We can't get any but native liquor hyar, an' that's apt to cause a man internal sufferin'."

SHELDON laughed.

"My dear Mr. President," he said, "I'm not a trader, but it will give me the greatest pleasure if you will allow me to send ashore a case of a dozen bottles as a personal present."

The Yankee bowed gratefully, as he rose and prepared to go over the side into his canoe.

"Sir," he said, "yew hev' conferred a favour upon the Pres'dent o' this State which he will be slow to forget. True gentlemen are very scarce, I reckon, an' so 's Bourbon whiskey. My address is the White House—like to keep up the old 'Murrican tra-dition, ye see—First an' Only Avenue. An' now, gentlemen, it would give me un'dult'rated an' real, genuine pleasure ef yew two will dine with me an' Royalty to-morrow, mid-day. Mostly we dine plain, but fer this mem'able o-casion, we shall en-deavour to throw a bit o' style into our banquet. I don't ask your lady, as Royalty's manners is hardly up to sample. He means well, but is sorter crude at meals. Farewell. To-morrow at noon I shall be ready to receive you at the White House. Don't forget the address—First an' Only Avenue—at mid-day. Pork and yams will be on the tab—floor, I mean—at twelve fefteen, sharp."

Fox Russell